

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 15, 1936

NEXT WEEK

WILLIAM P. O'CONNELL is the Managing Editor of the *Northwest Progress*, official organ of the Seattle diocese. He has acted as publicity director for the National Conference of Catholic Charities which recently held its sessions at Seattle. What the highlights of the Convention were, what were the tendencies and the trends, what the notable speakers contended, will be told by him in an article on CATHOLIC CHARITARIANS IN SEATTLE.

STAGE DICTION, good and bad, has been a concern of our dramatic critic, and has prompted her, from time to time, to express herself in praise or reproach. Producers, directors, actors, actresses, as well as other dramatic critics, have listened and quoted. Next week, the verdicts on the past season will be delivered by ELIZABETH JORDAN.

JOHN A. TOOMEY pauses to marvel at a phenomenon. Throughout the world a Church is manifesting its Divinity in the midst of teeming millions. She walks among them, plainly Divine, undisguised yet unrecognized. This strange situation will be discussed next week in THE CHURCH INCOGNITO.

RECENT IRISH LITERATURE shows a decided turn for the better. We were of this opinion before, but a meeting with one whose words in Ireland are taken as the last to be said confirmed our views. The article was written on a recent visit to the United States by the most important critic in Ireland, KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

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COMMENT

SIXTY years of active service for God in the Company of Jesus is a total given to few men to complete. But it is not the sixty years that excite our admiration so much as the achievements during those sixty years. On July 30, 1876, young John J. Wynne, then seventeen years of age, felt the Divine call to the priesthood. He believed that his vocation was to the Order founded by Saint Ignatius. A brilliant scholar who received his Bachelor of Arts degree at the College of St. Francis Xavier, in New York, in his seventeenth year, he proved during his early Jesuit years his extraordinary ability as a student, as an executive, as a man of vision. His earliest endeavors as a young priest, in the 'nineties, were directed to research in the history of the pioneer Jesuits of New France. He was associated with, and then appointed Editor of, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. In the first years of this century, he projected the colossal idea of a *Catholic Encyclopedia*. He brought this to fulfillment and thus supplied the English-speaking world, Catholic and non-Catholic, with a reference work that has been standard for thirty years. He is now completing the revision of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*. In 1909, he brought to fruition another project that, we trust, may last as long as the United States endures: the publication of *AMERICA*. Without Father Wynne, *AMERICA* would probably never have been; or, if a similar periodical had been founded, it would not have been as it is now and has been through twenty-seven years. He has been the author and the inspirer of many volumes which have spread Catholic light and directed Catholic Action. He is largely responsible for the beatification and canonization of the American Martyrs, and now, in his sixtieth hearty year, as Vice-Postulator of the Cause of Kateri Tekakwitha, he is working and praying that the Lily of the Mohawks may be raised to the altars of the Church as the Virgin Saint of America. Mingled with our congratulations to our founder, Father Wynne, are prayers that, before long, we may hail Saint Kateri.

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EVEN the most sanguine sympathizers with the Government in Spain have come to realize the folly of trying to explain the present warfare as a struggle between democracy and Fascism. Though much of the news is unreliable, small items, released by the Government itself, help us to discover the real character of the Government now under fire. Mass meetings in Soviet Russia acclaim it vociferously and cheer it on to the greatest victory of the Third Internationale since the success in Russia. There are the old, old propaganda tales of fabulous ecclesiastical wealth in convents and monasteries and bishop's palaces, once again confiscated by the Government. How often the

same money can be confiscated! What is the fate of priests and nuns may be pieced together from the stories of refugees and past knowledge of Communist methods of warfare. It undoubtedly is true that many priests have thrown in their lot with the Insurgents with a clear knowledge of what will be in store for them and the Church in case of a Government victory. This very action tells to what limits of desperation they have been driven. It is war to the end now, with even women and girls being rushed to the firing lines. No quarter is asked and no quarter will be given. There will be stories of cruelties on both sides.

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SHOULD the acting Spanish Government win out, extreme Communism shall have gained another stronghold and the opposing elements shall be rendered helpless for many years to come. There will be another Russia in Europe, with fearful repercussions, especially in France and Portugal where the saner elements have long been waging a hard battle against anarchy. It is no wonder that the countries of Europe are following the struggle so closely. The wonder is, that in spite of the great issues at stake, they can refrain from participation. Should the insurgents emerge victorious, the progress of Sovietism shall be stayed for a while. There will be hope that after the bitterness of repression Spain may become again its normal self, a peaceful, Catholic land. Those in revolt realize that there can be no peace until Communism is definitely stamped out; and there is no telling to what lengths of repression this realization may carry them. They are now desperate men. Perhaps a strong dictatorship may be necessary; and, though American sympathy does not easily embrace a dictatorship, it should be possible to understand that fundamental liberty is of more importance than a form of government.

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SEATTLE was the background, this year, of the twenty-second annual convention of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. Upwards of 6,000 delegates from all parts of the United States were in attendance. Among these were distinguished members of the Hierarchy, Directors of Charities from the majority of dioceses, prominent laymen, and, quite prominently, leading spirits of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. "Every field of charity will be covered," asserts the N.C.W.C. News Service advance, "and timely discussion will be given vexing economic and social problems of the day in the thirty-seven sectional meetings listed to cover ninety-nine different topics." It had been our thought to list the subjects of these discourses, to say a word about the distinguished authorities who

offer of their wisdom and experience, to record the resolutions passed, to attempt to foresee the notable results that must come from such a gathering. But so many memorable things were said that any selection in brief space would be incomplete, if not individious. As we write, we await the air-mail envelope from Seattle which will carry to us for our readers the story of the 1936 convention.

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LIBERTY as a term has become a handy club for brandishing at the opposition. Thus the League proudly organized under that name, to its foes is only a disgruntled "group of economic royalists." Patrick Henry *redivivus*, cocking a baleful eye at the New Deal, barked a second "give me liberty" and he was answering, supposedly, the "Thomas Jefferson" of the previous week and his claim at Monticello that liberty's full flowering was that same New Deal. What confusion when "friends of the Constitution," in other quarters are styled miserable "tories," and pleaders for "the American system" are regarded as enemies of freedom! Are these not signs that the problem of securing social justice while preserving our present form of government is one set with thorns? The former editor of AMERICA, Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., addressing the Institute of Public Affairs held at the University of Virginia on "Government Regulation of Business" points out in the problem both dilemma and paradox. The dilemma is that our inwardly inorganic society demands for the common good, government intervention, yet "has nothing to set up to oppose its steady progress once it is set on foot." The remedy lies with government, which alone can restore organic system to our economic life. Hence the paradox that "only the Government can now restore to us the power to resist the encroachments of government." The principle of government regulation, Father Parsons maintained, though accepted by everybody, worker and employer alike, "in the present organization of society is the most dangerous principle at large and the most filled with revolutionary consequences."

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MOST modern nations have entered into a jolly gentlemen's agreement to prostitute chemistry in wartime to the blasting of men's bodies. It remained for Russian genius to appreciate its possibilities for soul destruction. Rudolf Seiden reports Soviet activities of this sort in the current issue of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*. The German rationalists spent years of study elaborating various systems for the explanation of miracles. This method was altogether too slow and too thoughtful for their Russian brothers. The latter collected a few chemicals, a bunsen burner, and a rack of test tubes and toured the country performing bogus miracles. Self-igniting candles, offering fire, vanishing crosses, and wound healing became their stock in trade. They exploded all these common "miraculous" phenomena before crowds of the open-mouthed proletariat. As they pointed out it was all a mere matter of judiciously juggling bismuth,

sodium sulphide, potassium permanganate, tin, cadmium, sulphuric acid. There was nothing wonderful about the *mene, tekell, upharsin* of Belshazzar's feast. It was only a suspension of yellow phosphorus in carbon bisulphide smeared on the wall. Its originator was not God but some shyster priest or prophet with a twentieth-century knowledge of chemistry! For anyone with any brains the whole thing is a rollicking good show, a sort of super-vaudeville. It proves nothing whatever against real miracles. But for the simple minded it may prove disastrous.

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FROM time immemorial sedate German pilgrims to Rome listened with amazement to the hurrahs and vivas of the Italian populace as they hailed the Supreme Pontiff in St. Peter's. Never could such scenes occur in Germany, least of all in ultra-reserved and decorous Westphalia. Yet but a couple of weeks ago the ancient cathedral of Münster was the scene of a demonstration that equaled in vehemence any ovation to which the walls of Rome's great basilicas have ever echoed. Cheer after cheer interrupted the words of their virile, six-foot-six Bishop, Count von Galen, as he spoke to his people at the close of the annual July thanksgiving procession through the decorated streets of Münster. Plainly the Bishop called the people's attention to the ropes which the Nazi police had drawn around the Cathedral Square in order to keep the people from accompanying the Bishop to his residence as has been their custom. The congregation listened in silence; but as he reached the words: "If anyone believes that by bodily violence, by ropes and police ordinances they can separate you from me or me from you . . ." they would not let him finish his sentence but raised acclamations to the roof of the church. "Never," continued the Bishop, "was there such an opportunity as now to prove that we are loyal followers of the Saviour . . . not on Palm Sunday alone when all the world hails Him, but also on Good Friday; yea, if need be, even in chains and unto death!" The demonstration that followed when the Bishop left the Cathedral had never been paralleled in the whole history of the city. Of such stuff are Westphalia's Catholics and their Bishop.

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CONVERTS to the Catholic Church are dear to the hearts of all Catholics. Those of us born into the Faith welcome each one of them and love them as souls whom God has signally guided and strengthened. What Catholic would resent the achievements within the Church of these men and women who once stood without? We are proud of our converts as authors, as orators, as organizers, as officials of Catholic societies, as dignitaries among the clergy, in every capacity they fill. We are so proud of them and so friendly with them that we can laugh with them over the banter of Mary E. McLaughlin. She did have a point in her remarks, and only one: the point was shot at the born Catholics who form the Church Dormant. They were the spanked ones, not the converts.

HOSPITALIER BY THE RIVER GAVE

A nobleman to the Queen of Lourdes

ERNEST WILEY

FOR the care of the sick at Lourdes, there is a society known as *l'Hospitalité de Notre Dame*, having a membership of some 400 men, referred to as *les Hospitaliers*, and 300 women, *les Dames Hospitalières*. Their task is to dispense Our Lady's hospitality—to receive and serve the hosts of invalids who come to the shrine in pilgrimage, begging a cure of their maladies. Each year, particularly during the pilgrim season which extends from spring to late autumn, these devoted men and women visit the sanctuary and remain to labor among the unfortunates so long as their means and the duties of their varied walks of life permit.

Most of the hospitaliers have passed the middle years of life. The younger few among them are those who began their pilgrimages to Lourdes at an early age, for the rank of hospitalier is won only by years of faithful service, years of devotion that leave a mark upon them. One might almost say that the badge of membership in this association is the unwavering and kindly patience, the unflagging energy and the ineradicable smile with which the worker greets and comforts the unfortunates, as he assists them in the activities of their pilgrimage. But since these insignia may not always be recognized, the hospitalier is provided with a set of leather straps, *bretelles*, which fit across his shoulders and hang at his sides, supporting loops through which the handles of the stretchers may be passed.

Several years ago among the hospitaliers there was an old man whose brisk and energetic step was just beginning to falter. Perhaps he can still be seen about the shrine during the pilgrim season, caring for the sick. If he is no longer there, it is because the weight of age, which was bending his back a little then, has made his pilgrimage nowadays impossible.

His hair, once black, had turned an even gray; and above his trim Vandyke beard, there was a countenance furrowed and darkened by the Pyrenean suns until it seemed almost a bronze, cast by Cellini and brought to life. There was the reserve of a regal dignity about his person; and yet his eyes sparkled with an open friendliness. He moved untiringly among the wheel chairs and carriages ranged about the grotto and piscines, encouraging

the invalids and, with a wealth of patience, instructing the novice stretcher-bearers in the most efficient ways of caring for the sick.

It was clear that he was long accustomed to the work. In that, however, he did not differ from the other men with the leather *bretelles* across their shoulders. Perhaps he stood out from them because of his constant presence at the shrine. For if one made many trips to Lourdes, or remained for long about the sacred precincts, he would have noticed that there were changes in the ranks of the hospitaliers, some faces disappearing from the scene as others took their places. But there was one who was always there, the energetic old man with the Vandyke beard. Thus he became a figure marked by the visitor who prolonged his stay at Lourdes.

In the grayish hours of dawn, when the Masses began in the Grotto of Massabielle, he was on hand, kneeling among the stretchers or helping the invalids in their preparation for the reception of their Lord. And after their Communion, he took a place at the railing before the grotto-altar. Until the last Mass was finished he remained, assisting in the changing of the groups of invalids as the Masses followed one another. And, forgetful of his own unbroken fast, he directed the removal of the sick to the hospitals, where their needs could be filled. Then in the lull before the beginning of the baths, he would slip away to drink a little cup of black coffee as he munched a crust of bread, and hurry back to be on hand for the care and the bathing of the sick.

While the invalids were lying in front of the piscines, awaiting their turn to be carried into the healing waters of the spring which had issued from the ground where Our Lady had instructed little Bernadette to scratch, he moved unceasingly among them, pushing the agony-laden carriages to and from the door to the piscines. When there was no priest on hand, he led the recital of the invocations; and the mellow, fervent timbre of his voice seemed to lend wings to the faith and confidence of the pleading unfortunates who, with the massed horde of pilgrims beyond the enclosure, repeated the invocations after him: *Notre Dame de Lourdes, guérissez-nous pour la conversion des pécheurs!* And all the while a string of smoothly worn black

beads was wound about his hand and clutched between his fingers.

Throughout the morning session at the baths, and then again in the heavy hours of the long afternoon, the old hospitalier was there among the sick. And time after time one might see a moist glitter in his eyes—sometimes he would hastily brush his hand across his cheek—as he bent to comfort the most unfortunate and revolting of the invalids. Surely there was no form of human malady with which he was not acquainted, the ravages of which he had not seen and almost felt as though they were gnawing at his own sound body. Nor was there any disease which, with its repulsion and malignancy, could prevent his caressing the clenched and trembling hand or fevered brow of the pain-racked beings who came to beg Our Lady's aid.

Inside the piscines there are metal cups which are kept on shelves above the little pools of water from the spring. And it was the old man's habit, as anyone could learn from the helpers in the baths, to enter there each day, when the baths were finished and the water had reached a state of murky thickness, and to dip a cup into the pool and take three deep swallows of the water, murmuring between the draughts: *O Marie, conçue sans péché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous!*

And if a visitor, who had long remained about the shrine and felt a growing curiosity mingle with his admiration, should have attempted to learn who this old man was, he would have heard the story of one of the oldest and noblest of all the hospitaliers—one who had spent the summers of uncounted years with the sick at Lourdes and had been granted the great privilege of witnessing a number of cures which were accepted as miraculous. He would have learned that the white-haired lady who helped the sick and the maimed in the women's section of the baths as one of the *Dames Hospitalières*, was the old man's wife. And he would have conjured up a picture of that devoted pair, having spent their summer at the shrine, going away to pass the winter talking of the shrine and planning their return in the Summer that was to come.

There was one important thing about the old hospitalier of which the visitor probably would not be informed. That item would be overlooked, though he might learn it later, casually.

When the baths were over, the invalids moved to places in a line which stretched around the edges of the square in front of the Basilica of the Rosary, where they would receive Christ's Eucharistic Benediction. And during the procession, as the Bishop carried the Sacred Host among the sick, blessing each one in turn, the old hospitalier knelt between the stretchers, the smooth, black beads of the Rosary slipping rapidly and silently between his fingers.

Sometimes in the twilight after the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, when the sick had been returned to their beds, the old man might have been discovered climbing up the rocky, winding road which ascends to the peak of *le Calvaire* be-

hind the grotto. And as he climbed he paused to kneel on the jagged stones in front of each of the fourteen groups of life-size figures, standing at intervals along the way. In the gathering dark it might not have been observed that he carried his shoes in his hand.

When the routine of the pilgrim's day is ended, a pervading quiet settles about the grotto of Masabielle; and the silence of those late night hours is punctuated by the murmur of the Gave which flows nearby. The myriad votive candles, burning in clusters beneath the statue in the niche, cast a warm, soothing glow upon the scene. Their light weaves a labyrinth of shadows among the crutches hanging near the shrine; and it throws a ruddy hue across the faces of the scattered pilgrims who have lingered there when the torchlight procession is over and the crowds have gone away.

At such an hour the old hospitalier would have found at the shrine, kneeling on the pavement, his white-haired spouse beside him. And it was in the strange intimacy of such an hour—the crowd dispersed and the candle light seeming to build a wall of darkness around the pilgrim and the statue in the niche—that he would extend his arms, like the horizontal beams of a cross, and hold them motionless while the string of smooth, black beads slipped between his fingers.

If the visitor remained long in Lourdes, his admiration would have grown steadily with the days; and finally he would have dared speak to the old hospitalier. On doing so, he would have been greeted with a warm handclasp; and, almost without a pause, he would have heard a sincere avowal of Our Lady's abiding love displayed at Lourdes. Then the old man would have told about some recent cure, pointing out a new brace or set of crutches lately hung beside the shrine, recounting the story of the invalid who had used them and now had left them at Lourdes as a testimonial of Mary's charity and the power of her intercession at the throne of God. Of himself, the old man would have nothing to say.

It might have happened, then, that someone approached—a surviving advocate of France's royalty, perhaps—and spoke to the old man in tones of deep respect, addressing him as "*le Comte*—the Count."

Hearing that title used, the old man would have grown severe. But after a moment the sudden frown would have disappeared; and, with a tender glance towards the statue in the niche, he would have renounced all claim to the lost title of nobility. Then, smiling shyly, he would have made known his one desire for regal preference—his longing to possess some little, inconspicuous place in Our Lady's Court.

Perhaps the Count may still be seen at Lourdes, guiding his faltering steps about the shrine, bestowing his unfailing smile upon the sick. Yet he was an old man several years ago. And it is likely that he is no longer there; but has been summoned to claim his little place in Mary's Court—his title of nobility in the realm of the Divine King Whose Queen-Mother he served at Lourdes.

NOVEL ENDINGS WOULD IMPROVE NEWSPAPERS

Some examples of more edifying conclusions

JOHN BUNKER

AS an old newspaper reader I have a complaint to make, a complaint against the frequency with which certain situations recur in the news columns. The sequence of facts is always the same,—on reading the first line or even, in some instances, the headline, I know all that will follow.

For instance, there is the standard case of the young woman who as a child having accidentally swallowed a needle, twenty years later feels a peculiar pricking sensation at the base of her left clavicle or at the tip of the third finger of her right hand. What a pleasant surprise it would be if once in a while it turned out that the disturbance was caused by a splinter acquired while scrubbing the back porch or by a grain of sand in the clavicle from lying on the beach. Unfortunately for the reader's sense of novelty, this is a surprise that never comes.

Or take the head-line "Chess Prodigy." Here we have the story of Aaron Ginsberg, aged seven, of the Bronx (or Hyman Polineski, aged five, of Cracow, Poland) playing blindfold thirty-two simultaneous match games against thirty-two master chess-players assembled from Spitzbergen, Havana, Glasgow, Madrid, Leningrad, Berlin, Fall River, and way-points. Never have I known the precocious child do worse than win twenty-nine games, draw two, and lose one; but Gracious Heaven! who can measure the intensity with which I and all other weary readers wish he would lose them all.

All this seems to me to indicate a serious defect, especially in view of the falling circulations which newspaper proprietors are forever struggling to overcome. Their lack of readers they ascribe to everything from the prevalence of the radio to the popularity of the newsreels, and in a frenzied attempt to save the day they have tried many expedients. Long ago the old-fashioned editorial or "leader" was cut down to less encyclopedic size and less judicial ponderosity, and in recent years mergers and suppressions have been carried out wholesale. But the fatal leakage still continues.

Before it is too late I venture to suggest a reform in the treatment of those stock incidents of which I complain. As samples of how the thing should be done I present a series of standard situations. Though the incidents may be incredible according

to present usage, they certainly have the virtue of novelty, and after all it is novelty that attracts—and holds—readers.

PATERSON, N. J., March 15.—At a meeting yesterday afternoon of the Board of Directors of the International Cheese Factories, Inc., it was decided that hereafter instead of rewarding their old employees, as in the past, with an aluminum button for seventy-five years' service and a tin button for fifty years' service the company would give them substantial cash increases in pay. "After all," said President Butterscotch, "times have been pretty tough, and you can't eat buttons. Besides, the button people have been charging too blamed much for their product lately."

MIDDLEGROUND, Mass., June 15.—The 150th Anniversary of Mudguard University was celebrated here today with colorful ceremonies. . . . At the Commencement Exercises the honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred upon Rodney Carson, Class of '86, who for fifty years has been conducting a private laboratory for chemical research in Kansas City, Mo., and Nicholas Wright, '05, author of grade-school text books. . . . It had been rumored that Caleb Bauer, Philadelphia capitalist and light-and-power magnate, because of his benefactions to the institution was to have been similarly honored, but President Williamson disposed of this by saying that the unanimous judgment of the Trustees was that the degree should be given only for some sort of intellectual achievement. "It is true that Mr. Bauer has given us \$50,000 for the new stadium, but I should hardly classify that action as an indication of mental power. In fact," he concluded lightly, "my private belief is that the fellow is only semi-literate."

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 15.—Mild surprise was manifested at Soldiers' Field here this afternoon in the annual pig-skin classic between Mumble University and Hughes State University when Coach Patterson of Mumble U. failed to send in "Swede" Yorgenson, his star half-back, in the last quarter when Mumble was making a successful drive down the field. In fact, Yorgenson was not used throughout

the game, which Mumble lost by a score of 12 to 7. Yorgenson, it will be recalled, played in only two games this year, having sustained a fractured jaw and two broken ribs in the game against Johnson Agricultural College, the second game of the season. Questioned after the game, Coach Patterson said: "I didn't send the lad in because his jaw hadn't fully healed up yet. I'd rather lose the game than have a boy perhaps permanently injured." . . . "Smike" Ellison, prominent sportsman and himself a Mumble gridiron star a decade ago, was emphatic in his opinion of Coach Johnson's action. "As an old Mumble alumni," he said, "I think he did just right."

DETROIT, Mich., April 15.—Miss Sophonisba Thistlewaite, wealthy society leader and philanthropist, noted for her social service activities, today created a sensation in Detroit's smart set by declining membership and a proposed vice-presidency in the League for the Prevention of Births in Families with a net annual income below \$10,000. In her letter refusing to join the League, which includes in its membership many of Detroit's smartest families, Miss Thistlewaite said: "As a spinster with neither husband nor children, somehow it seems inappropriate for me to tell other women who have both how to manage their marital affairs."

CATHOLICS AND ACTION POLITICAL AND SOCIAL

Basic principles of social reconstruction

M. R. MADDEN



SINCE the days of Caesar, the position of Catholics in the field of politics and their activities in the narrower field of party action have been debated. On various occasions their activities in such matters are milestones in European history. We may recall such familiar examples as the Third Council of Toledo, when the Spanish people definitely decided to organize their society on Catholic principles of social order; the laws of Edward the Confessor and Magna Carta in England, where the great Catholic principles of equality and rights received recognition; the laws of St. Louis in France and the Code of the Indies. All these proceeded from the action of Catholics. We may instance, also, examples of the influence of Catholic principles even when not directly proposed by Catholics such as the Theodosian Code and our own Federal Constitution.

Such participation of Catholics is so well known that debate upon the right or expediency of it seems unreal. It is true that the right has often been violently opposed and even abrogated and Catholic influence has died down considerably since the attack on Catholic principles in the sixteenth century. The sudden maturing of industrial capitalism in the completely integrated social program of Communism has revived the debate and the Papal documents since Pius IX have been gradually clarifying the points for the issues of debate.

Communism presents the first issue. With its consistent philosophy and integral view of human

life, it presents a synthesis of human activity complete and sweeping, one which can be met only by a program equally complete and sweeping, namely Catholicism. What then is the program which Catholics because they are Catholics have to offer? This is the first point of a debate on the right of Catholics to participate in politics.

The second issue arising out of the first deals directly with the second challenge of Communism, namely the method to be applied in carrying this program into effect. While it would be somewhat extreme to hold that there is one method alone satisfactory to Catholics, it is undoubtedly true that for a method to be satisfactory to Catholics it must be distinguished by an attentive regard for the requirements of human nature as interpreted by the principles of Catholic philosophy and as determined by the end which the Catholic Church teaches is the final destiny of man. Within these limits any method suitable to the time, the place and the circumstances may receive the support of Catholics.

The challenge, however, presented by Communism both in the totality of its program and the initiation of the government in its methods obliges the Catholic to consider politics. Not to be meticulous in quarreling over textbook definitions, politics covers all those points which have to do with the administration of government in its three powers of executive, legislative and judicial. As far as the

State is concerned, these are clearly defined for Americans in the federal and State constitutions.

Governmental activity, however, is not confined to the State, for government is a necessary part of industry, education, the family and the Church. All these institutions must be well administered if they are to attain successfully their objectives. For this the same general conditions hold: peace, concord, cooperation, due consideration for the spiritual, intellectual and physical interests of man. It is for this reason that Catholics are so often advised as preliminary to their social reforms to attend to their own spiritual lives, their families and their economic and social activities.

But as Communism has selected the government as the agent of its social program, and as the American of today has now the custom and well nigh the tradition of relying on the legislature and the laws for both social reform and direction, it is necessary that Catholics should comprehend the nature of political parties.

In practice a political party is a specific means to an end, the administration of the State. All recognize a party to be a group of citizens associated together to propose a plan for administering the State and to select candidates for office, submitting both to the approval of the electorate. Naturally this plan rests upon a substratum of principles. Who can hold that Catholics should not take part in drawing up these principles or policies?

Granted, then, that the social program is to be put into effect through a political party, Catholics can have no share unless they are in parties. This seems to cast the issue into the following form: Should Catholics have their own party or should they act through existing ones (leaving aside for the moment the question of their principles?) Or should they prescind from party action and throw their votes to candidates who guarantee to vote for the measures they endorse, thus securing their program piecemeal and expecting to have their influence felt through appeals to public opinion?

While theoretically it is possible to secure their program through the support of existing parties or candidates, because there are points of approach in all of them to Catholic principles, all without exception deny the implications of the fundamental dogmas of the Incarnation and Redemption.

Many have become disillusioned with parties especially those who have studied the historical development and contemplate the Parliament of Stanley Baldwin, or the Louisiana of Huey Long. Nevertheless government, i.e. administration, is inherent in the life of a social institution and functions best when kept within the institution. This truth was well known to the medieval Spaniards and its neglect today is the tragedy of Spain. It was not ignored by the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

The third issue now appears. Should Catholics ignore parties, could they take part in politics? The Catholic of course takes part in politics when he organizes his institutions. He organizes these along the lines of Catholic principles:

1. when he organizes his family in a corporate unity, each member performing his proper function and bound together by the unity of husband

and wife and the unity of both parents and children;

2. when he organizes and governs his economic activity, whether of farm or industry on a similar corporate unity with due consideration of what is according to human nature as well as what is demanded by this same human nature;

3. when he integrates his educational program on the Catholic interpretation of life;

4. when he recognizes publicly the functioning of the Church and the Catholic religion and gives to these their proper places in society.

This forms the subject matter of the Catholic program. It implies a corporative, cooperative and functional view of social organization, a view receiving attention today in various countries. While such a social order does not necessarily eliminate parties or confine them to one only, it reduces them to their proper function.

Finally such political and social action as just described becomes Catholic Action only on a further condition. And this is our specifically Catholic contribution to the whole modern debate on social reform. It is this: fidelity to the dogma of the Incarnation and Redemption as the vital principle, i.e. the action, of all social organization.

We are taught and we believe, accept and hold to be true that man was created by God out of His love to be united to Him in Heaven; that man through sin lost this destiny but that by the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity in Jesus Christ, the God-Man, he has been redeemed and restored to this destiny. Not immediately, for he must prove himself in this life. For this purpose Christ was given by the Father the lordship and dominion over man to the end that the work of restoration be completed in His image. This is directly true of each individual, but in a mysterious sense it is also true of the social order created by man. He is not free to run it as it pleases him. Not only is he bound by the principles of the moral and eternal law but he is obligated by the principles of the supernatural life. As his individual life must be supernaturalized if he is to attain his final destiny, so too must his social order.

Hence the basic principle of all Catholic social reconstruction is the action of Christ and by so much it becomes part of Catholic Action. The Catholic who prescind from it is not truly Catholic. For it is not sufficient for example, to establish a sound and ethically just banking system, a practical textile guild, or a cooperative dairy. These things pagans may do. On the other hand it is not sufficient either for Catholics to confine their efforts to the Christian love of one's neighbor. What is essential is that in whatever part of the world man organizes his particular society and state, he and these must live the supernatural life.

One point may be emphasized in conclusion. At present the people of the United States are leaning towards reform by political parties and laws which by their very nature are upsetting the balance of our federal government of granted and divided powers. But the way of corporative institutions can be taken up without violating the principles of our constitution and in fact it would successfully complete them.

UNIVERSITY OF THE UNITED STATES

They say the country needs it

PHILIP BURKE

WE have cheering news for troubled Americans, especially tax-payers, viewing with concern the contemporary scene. Though democracy be ill and plagued with wrangling nurses; though there be wars and rumors of wars; alarms and excursions, and William R. Hearst; all may be well. A fairer day dawns. For the legions of learning are standing to arms. The professors are moving on Washington, eighty-two million dollars worth of them. In the words of their spokesman, one Edgar Bruce Wesley, associate professor of education at the University of Minnesota, "to explore the frontiers of knowledge, to insure adequate training for the vast numbers of people needed for Government service, to lessen provincialism, prejudice and superstition, to coordinate, direct and lead."

All that is to say that the professors are planning to contribute to our national well-being another Federal institution, a new and official factory of economic and political medicines, an eighty-two million dollar University of the United States of America.

Other great universities have been of slow growth, the expression of long tradition, the slow-ripening fruition of many minds and years. But this one will spring over night into being, great and good by act of Congress, and the grace of \$82,000,000. The professors have planned it; Congress has but to approve it; nothing will be required of us, the citizenry, except to pay the \$82,000,000.

This is not rumor nor idle hearsay. Beside us on the desk while we write is the plan itself, a bulletin recently published by the University of Minnesota, written by Professor Wesley, with a benedictory introduction by Lotus D. Coffman, president of the same University. This interesting document is in current circulation among the members of our national educational associations and is doubtless approved by all enemies of "provincialism, prejudice and superstition." It merits attention for the plan proposed, and for itself. Written by a professor of education in a great public university, and approved by the university's president, it may fairly be examined as a page from the record of contemporary pedagogical thought. At least, it is one indication of the mental heights to which our teachers have climbed, to drop briefs on the rest of us.

Turning its pages, we find ourselves asking: "What is behind all this? Just why do Dr. Wesley and the groups in the National Educational Association and the Association of American University Professors, for whom he is presumably the spokesman, want a University of the United States? Just what is it that they advocate should be bought for \$82,000,000?"

Dr. Wesley informs us, in what for want of a better word, we might call Hitleresque prose: "The University of the United States is as inevitable as national education, and national supervision of production. It will be established, overtly, plainly, unmistakably. It will not be a substitute. It will not apologize, nor plead, nor explain. It will coordinate, direct and lead. Its existence and success are assured."

That proud paragraph is a window into the mental workshop where the plan was prepared. The plan for a University of the United States, apparently, does not exist in and for itself, but is rather a step to a further end, a part of a larger plan, the nationalization of American education, most curiously linked with national supervision of production. Why the latter? Apparently, our prophetic professor knows in advance in what direction the official savants-to-be will lead and direct us. And all this, we are told, is "inevitable." The professor is devoted to that word *inevitable*. It is conclusive and silencing, tape for the mouths of dissenters, inevitable.

To remove any lingering doubt that the University of the United States is linked in the author's mind with the nationalization of education, we have but to read on. The professor writes: "The University of the United States would furnish the proper leadership in education." Also: "In a self-governing country, education, *inevitably* becomes a national function. In the last analysis, it (education) rests upon the one unit that includes all the people of the United States." There is reasoning to stun a logician to silence. Like the handsome young man on the flying trapeze, the professor reaches conclusions with the greatest of ease. "In a self-governing country, education becomes, inevitably, a national function." But why? And why inevitably?

If we are to believe Dr. Wesley, when people

govern themselves, they inevitably decline to govern their children, preferring to turn over their education to the jurisdiction of the centralized authority. It seems to us that in a self-governing country the citizen retains his rights and duties, including the right and duty to determine, within reasonable limits, who shall teach his children, and what. In short, in self-governing countries, the citizen governs. On the other hand, it is in those countries, the citizens of which have never attained or have lost self-government, that the centralized authority tends to take from the parent his traditional functions and responsibilities; to leave him, as in Russia, unhonored and unsung, a mere biological necessity. Inevitably, (the word is contagious), to the extent that governmental bureaus and bureaucrats assume, and citizens relinquish, their natural and traditional duties, to that extent, the citizens of this, or any country, cease to be self-governing.

Theoretically, of course, the self-governing citizen exerts a kind of remote control over the functions he has surrendered to the centralized government. The agents of government, are, in theory, servants of the public. But bureaucrats, exercising usurped power, are not.

Be that as it may, our, and the professor's, immediate concern, is the University of the United States, for which, he has assured us, there is urgent need. That need is to train people for the Government service and to render specific services to the Government. In Dr. Wesley's words: "Its findings and conclusions would be available to every department. Impartial and disinterested scholarship would thus guide the formulation of policies and the administration of law." What assurance are we offered that the findings of the official savants would be impartial and disinterested, removing, as the professor says, "social and economic problems from the field of partisan struggle"?

The answer to that query is found in section two of Dr. Wesley's bill of establishment. The University is to be directed and operated by a board of twelve persons, to be appointed by the President: six chosen from the people at large, and six from among the employes of Government bureaus, departments and offices. The University will be free from political considerations and pressures, because it is to be controlled and operated by political appointees, by the friends and employes of the party in power.

We come now to the most striking of Dr. Wesley's arguments for an official university. The people in the capital, Dr. Wesley urges, should not be deprived of the advantages which their fellow-citizens throughout the rest of the country enjoy.

At present, you understand, the unhappy citizens of Washington, D. C., are deprived of the advantages of higher education, except for the opportunities offered by some five universities, and nearby Johns Hopkins, and the University of Maryland. For books, which are the tools of learning, they have only the matchless Library of Congress with its millions of volumes, two hundred departmental libraries, the Public Library of Washington, and the several university libraries. To facilitate re-

search and advance study, they have only such institutions as the Smithsonian; the National Academy of Sciences; the Washington Memorial Institute; the Carnegie Institute; the National Museum, the Zoological Park; the Bureau of Ethnology; the Botanic Gardens; and the Graduate School of the Department of Agriculture. Therefore, again we quote Dr. Wesley: "The people of the national capital should not be deprived of the advantages which their fellow citizens throughout the rest of the country enjoy." It must be whimsy. Surely the Mad Hatter from Alice in Wonderland will soon come to take him by the hand and tenderly say: "Brother."

The poor Washingtonians! They have so many colleges, they must have another at once, that they may enjoy the privilege enjoyed by citizens elsewhere, presumably that of attending the University of the United States of America, not as yet established.

We have omitted naming among the educational advantages of Washington, Georgetown University and the Catholic University of America, because, as Dr. Wesley discreetly remarks in his thesis, the one is "in control of the Society of Jesus"; and the other, "received a pontifical charter from Pope Leo XIII, and frankly avows its purpose of strengthening religious education."

Dr. Wesley's arguments may be original, but his plan for an official university is not. From 1872 to 1933, some sixty bills calling for the establishment of a national university have been introduced in Congress. The Senate in 1896 made an extensive report on the subject. At that time, Dr. Wesley reports, "the arguments against the university were based upon the alleged neglect of religion, the undesirable expansion of Federal power, and the lack of need for such an institution."

Now, forty years later, those objections remain to be met. The University of the United States must again be opposed by those who believe that the activities of the central Government should be confined to those duties and functions for the general welfare, which by their nature cannot be controlled by the several States and the citizens thereof; by those who distrust the philosophy that would make the state supreme, and citizens the incompetent wards of the state. The University of the United States, at public expense, will be opposed by those, who, judging contemporary public education by its observed results, including its bulletins, are waking to the conclusion that America's need is not more colleges but better colleges; not more professors but wiser professors.

It must also be opposed by those of us who believe that non-religious education here in America and throughout the world, is failing to make men wiser and happier. We believe that all research and scholarship, all observed truths, are less important than the central truth that God is, and we are His creatures. We believe that man, in himself, and in his relation to others, can be understood only in relation to that central truth. We believe that men who have forgotten or have not learned this, are not wise. They cannot teach wisdom to others, spending \$82,000,000.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

FATHER COUGHLIN AND RELUCTANT CATHOLICS

THERE is much grief over Father Coughlin. Persons, clerical and lay, find it improper that a priest should speak in public on matters touching social justice. The opinion is expressed that a priest should confine himself entirely to the cure of souls, in the strict sense of the word; that his place is in the sanctuary and pulpit, and in the pulpit he should confine himself to the church announcements and the explanation of the Gospel.

Such persons are alarmed at the sight of a Catholic clergyman expounding the teaching of the Church as applied to social conditions and the use of wealth. If the sins committed by corporate bodies are exposed, particularly with name and place, they are upset.

The Pilgrim cannot share that particular grief. Avoidance of the topic of social justice is not a Catholic tradition. At the close of the Middle Ages Popes, Bishops, parish priests and Religious preachers consistently denounced usury, venality, and the evils of nascent capitalism. In 1304, the Blessed Giordano da Rivalto preached: "Misers are over head and ears in money and therefore they are drowned by it; but holy men put it under their feet and tread upon it and master it." In England Archbishop Grossetête rebuked the Lombard bankers. St. Raymond of Pennafort instructed confessors to inquire rigidly into illusory and usurious contracts.

In our own day we have the unequivocal words of *Quadragesimo Anno*.

The Pilgrim's grief over Father Coughlin is from a contrary angle. Anxiety that social justice be preached, not disapproval of that practice, is the source of his sorrow. Mine is the well-grounded fear lest the reaction against Father Coughlin's preaching in Catholic circles will be so panicky and so intense, that it will put an end to the forcible proclamation of social justice for years to come.

This consequence, the silencing of any articulate expression of Catholic social thought I consider a greater threat than any other disturbance that may result from Royal Oak.

The curse of social thought in this country is the haziness that hovers in the popular mind over the meaning of the words *social* and *social justice*. "Society," for most of us, means the society of the society column, that crowd of self-appointed exclusivists whose chief satisfaction is that they are not of the broad masses and whose chief delight is to get themselves publicized without seeming to do so. Now that the *Social Register* has admitted a Pekinese pup to its sacred columns we can feel a

little more kindly to the socialites, for a touch of dogginess makes the whole world kin.

Saint Thomas Aquinas would develop a headache trying to reconcile what is popularly understood by social equality with his concept of man's social nature.

Father Coughlin's addresses, I fear, have not clarified the concept of society or social justice in the popular mind. The expression social justice has become associated in the minds of millions with the issues of party politics and the dust and dirt of the political arena. It has become a political, not an ethical slogan.

I give Father Coughlin every possible credit for a sincere belief that he can charge through the electoral battle-field bearing aloft the white banner of purely ethical indignation. This message, says the *San Francisco News Letter and Wasp*, "is not of peace and good will, but of strife and bitterness." partisan passions. Other practical and social-minded observers do not grant it to him. But I frankly consider such a feat impossible. Wherever be his mind and heart, the language that he uses is the language of the hustings; it is not the language of purely ethical indignation.

As a consequence, appeals to *Quadragesimo Anno* have become associated in the popular mind with that type of language.

His personal association on the platform with political candidates has not helped to remove this association of ideas, which ought to be most distasteful to him.

One singular circumstance has also failed to dispel the impression of political expediency, not an ethical issue, being sought under the slogan of social justice. The Pilgrim, after diligent search, has not succeeded in discovering any public pronouncement from Father Coughlin even mildly advocating social justice for the Negro. Such an elementary concern would seem congenial to anyone who fearlessly handles so wide a scope of social and national affairs. I sincerely hope that I am mistaken and if such an utterance be furnished in word or writing I shall gladly make it further known.

In its absence, there would seem to be a curious diffidence combined with so much vehemence on other less politically inexpedient subjects.

I can only congratulate Father Coughlin on walking in and taking the place left open to him by the scarcity of vigorous and authoritative pronouncements on social justice among Catholics in this country. But it will be deserving of grief if his tactics have not been such as to dispel Catholic timidity and reluctance to come to grips with social evils, but rather to intensify such a disposition.

THE PILGRIM.

THE LABOR RIFT

AMERICAN labor needs a leader who can see beyond his nose. It has not had one since the death of John Mitchell. It certainly does not possess him in the person of William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Green seems to be an upright man, with large views about his own personal importance, and narrow views of what the American worker needs. He apparently suffers from the delusion that any criticism of the Federation is an attack on organized labor, and also that the welfare of the Federation can be assured only as long as he heads it. We do not question his personal honesty, but we do question his good sense when he throws the velvet glove away, and goes out to meet John L. Lewis with mailed fist and a battle-axe.

The spectacle of two labor leaders trying to destroy each other will hearten every enemy of organized labor. No stronger encouragement could be given promoters of the company-controlled union, and of other devices for the legal oppression of the wage-earner. At the very time that the worker is in sorest need of closer union with all his fellow workers, an element of discord is actively fomented. Whatever the results to the ambitions of Messrs. Green and Lewis, the results will be bad for labor. The conflict has brought up old sores and created new causes of dissension. No worse time could have been selected for Mr. Green's declaration of war, nor could he have selected a weaker issue.

We are disposed to acquit Mr. Lewis of major crime. His manner is truculent, but he has been able to show the utter impracticability of the horizontal union in the heavy industries. If labor is ever to gain a foothold here, and acquire a power which will enable the workers to use freely their right to bargain collectively, the Lewis plan must be recognized, and energetically promoted. It has been claimed that the plan, if authorized even for one industry, will grow to such an extent that it will displace the horizontal union. That is a narrow and unworthy view. The issue is not which union will survive, but which will best serve labor. Should the form proposed by Lewis give the wage-earner a larger degree of security, the old form should not survive.

Two weeks ago, a compromise was offered by Henry Ohl, President of the Wisconsin Federation of Labor. Charges against Lewis made by the Federation were to be withdrawn, and the Federation was to be invited to aid Lewis in organizing the steel and rubber industries. In return, Lewis would be asked to confine his organizing to these industries. On August 5, the Federation rejected the proposal, and threatened to expel the Lewis unions unless they submitted within thirty days. Yet, unless some such compromise is accepted we greatly fear that Mr. Green's apprehensions for the Federation's future will become actualities. It is not too late for all parties to forget their disputes, and unite to protect the interests of labor.

SCHOOL LAW

CATHOLICS are obliged in conscience to give their children a Catholic education. To fulfill this duty without the aid of a Catholic school is possible, but never easy. In the vast majority of cases it is today practically impossible. If the child is not taught religion at school as well as at home, he may be a Catholic twenty years hence, but the chances are against it. That is why the Church wishes schools of every grade to be founded everywhere, and why Catholics must use them. It is the law of the Church that no Catholic child may be sent to a non-Catholic school without the permission of the local Bishop.

COMMUNISM

CENTURIES ago, it was the office of the Roman Pontiffs to rouse Europe to the danger of the overthrow of civilization by the Turks. Islam had early become a powerful military and naval force dominating the entire East, and the covetous eyes of its rulers were always turned upon the riches of the Western world. For many years the fate of all Christian institutions hung in the balance. Some monarchs said that the Pontiff was too timorous, seeing perils where they did not exist, or thought that he attributed to the Sultans ambitions which they did not entertain. Others attributed their own mean and interested motives to the Pope, and were satisfied to protect their own, no matter what might be the fate of Christendom.

As we now review the history of a struggle that went on for centuries, we can realize that again and again Europe was nearly won to Islamism. Mohammedan culture entrenched itself in Spain, and from that center exercised a baneful influence, especially among the learned, in other countries. The traffic with the Turk was a source of immense wealth to Europe; hence commercial reasons forbade interference with ships and caravans from the East. Venice became a wonder city, with Genoa not far inferior in power and beauty, largely as the result of commerce with the Turk. Every move by the Popes to save Europe was met by the protests of the merchants who shuddered at the thought of a war which would destroy their trade. Undiscouraged by rebuffs, and even by

POISONED WELLS

FOREIGN correspondents supply the American press with reams of reports, most of them of questionable truth. It is not easy to get at the facts which underlie problems of economics and government in any European country, and when found the reporter must submit his dispatches to the official censor. Hence we do not always read what is actually happening abroad, but what some government, or radical faction in control, wishes us to believe is happening. The news, particularly when it refers to the Church, is commonly poisoned at the source. In reading dispatches from abroad, Catholics should remember that fact.

NISMARCHES ON

the failure of the military expeditions conducted by some of the Christian monarchs, the Pontiffs continued to sound the warning, and in the end they drew success from failure. That Europe and the whole Western world are not controlled today by Islamism, is due to the watchfulness and untiring energy of the Roman Pontiffs.

Today Pius XI strives to awaken the whole world to a danger far greater than the Moham-medanism which menaced Europe centuries ago. Communism has established itself in a part of Europe, but its influence is spreading to every country in the world. Pius XI speaks of what he knows, but, as of old, too few heed his words, or understand the danger which threatens to destroy what is best in our civilization.

Well may it be asked whether we in the United States sufficiently appreciate the progress of the onward march of Communism. That this Government and our political institutions have withstood all attacks for a century and one half is a fact that is apt to engender in us a false sense of security. It should not be forgotten that the defenses we once had in the Christian faith of our people have all but crumbled away, leaving us open to the attacks of Communism. What has happened in Russia, what is happening in Spain, can happen in the United States. It will certainly happen unless we destroy, or at least hold in check, the Communist programs which have brought moral and political ruin to those countries.

THREE murderers are in custody in the State of New Jersey. One is a boy of fifteen who shot and killed his cousin after a quarrel over a few pennies. Another is a girl barely seventeen years of age who with the aid of a boy of eighteen, hacked her mother to death with an axe. These may seem to be extreme cases, but they are extreme only in the circumstances of unusual horror which surround them. Penologists have been familiar these ten years and more with youthful crimes, including assault with deadly weapons, robbery, counterfeiting, and murder of various types. Only a few days ago, J. Edgar Hoover, resting for the moment from his pursuit of adult criminals, called attention in a striking report to the growth of armed gangs of mere children, some of them not yet in their 'teens.

We are not disposed to indict American youth, yet it is pertinent and indeed necessary to inquire into the spirit which seems to drag so many of our young people to crime and ruin. As the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, said in his address at the National Conference of Catholic Charities at Seattle last week, our young people struggle with difficulties which their fathers never knew. "They are the children of muddled parents, the inheritors of a crazy-quilt civilization," observed the Bishop. "They hear purity ridiculed and decency derided." Into this world they are thrown at a time when passion flames high, and when in the hearts of many of them there are no inhibitions created by religion or even by an elemental sense of decency. For this generation recognizes few solid social standards, and no acceptable standards whatever in morals.

The indictment, then, should be drawn against parents and the state rather than against our young people. To the parent the child should be a sacred trust, to be trained for good living in this world, to be educated for citizenship in the world to come. It is the duty of the state first to remove from the community, as far as may be possible, whatever hampers the training of the child, and next to aid the parent in fulfilling his many duties. The child does not belong to the state, but, as Pius XI wrote in the *Encyclical on Education*, the state has a direct interest in the education of the citizens of the future. Hence the state may and should intervene when parents are negligent. But it will work more effectively, both for the welfare of the child and for its own welfare, when it centers its attention upon the removal of malign conditions which tend to corrupt the child, and to break down family authority.

That the state has been recreant to its duty is apparent. We ask no officious meddling, no intrusion into the family, no usurpation of duties which belong to fathers and mothers, and which can be fulfilled properly only by them. What we have in mind is the scandalous indifference of so many communities to neighborhoods and influences which, said the Rev. Bryan J. McEntegart of

New York City, in his address to the Conference, "have made the fifteen-billion-a-year business of crime the biggest industry in the United States." Surely the state can, without overstepping the limits of its authority, put an end to these sources of moral infection far more deadly to the state itself than all sources of physical disease. To that course it is bound, in duty to itself, to its citizens, and especially to the young.

We must be insistent that the state take appropriate action, and in the meantime make use of every means at our disposal to reform society. "The future of private social work is to rebuild the souls of men," said Bishop LeBlond, of St. Joseph, "and to use all the power it can muster to build anew the spirit we once knew and that has now departed from millions of citizens." Once religion flourished in this country; today it influences only a minority of our people. For this sad decline, the spirit of secularism, particularly in American education, must be blamed.

The most damning evidence in the case against the school system which has been foisted upon this country is the growth of crime among the young. For more than half a century, the system has essayed to train about ninety per cent of our children. It has been liberally supported by the respective communities, and it has literally controlled the field of primary and secondary education; yet, after all these years, we are the most criminal people on the face of the earth. No other result could be looked for. Secular education does not merely grind the seed corn to apply it with criminal lack of foresight to some fancied present need. Rather, it injects into youth a poison which does not kill life, but fosters an unwholesome harvest.

HE LOVED THE POOR

LIFE'S labors ended, Nelson H. Baker lay in his coffin. He was a priest of God, a lover of the poor. His eyes did not see the throngs that passed him, his ears did not hear their prayers, or the sound of their weeping. He lay there for three days and nights, and nearly half a million people came from all parts of the United States, making their pilgrimage a prayer for the soul of the man who had loved them, and in their great need had helped them.

He was truly the father of the poor. Nearly sixty years ago, his heart went out to the little children in Buffalo bereft of parents, or, worse, afflicted with parents who neglected or mistreated them. What the young priest could do for them was not much, but he did all that he could. Meanwhile, he studied, and prayed, and waited. God's blessing was upon him, and slowly the temporal goods that he needed for his work came to him. Within a score of years, Catholics all over the country knew something of the work of Father Baker "up near Buffalo." They gave him the help he needed and in the way he loved. Their alms were the pennies of the poor, the mite contributed by widows who gave all that they had.

The years passed on, and Father Baker's labors increased. At Rome the Holy Father heard of him, and as a mark of recognition made the humble priest one of his Domestic Prelates. The new honor he accepted gratefully, for with it went a blessing that would surely enable him to care for more and more of God's children. He lived to see the little mustard seed which he had planted almost fearfully half a century ago become a mighty tree.

Men like Monsignor Baker build the State and build for eternity. In death their labors follow them, for they live in the lives of boys and girls whom they have trained to be good citizens, lovers of God and of the brethren. They refresh our belief, weakened too often by corroding experience, in the goodness of the human heart. They strengthen our confidence in the power of God's grace to make sinful men and women things of beauty in His sight.

The memory of Monsignor Baker will long remain with us as a sweet benediction. We cannot be what he was, but as we look at him we feel that we can be better than we are, more zealous for the interests of God's poor, more self-sacrificing in helping those who come to us. May Our Lord vouchsafe him everlasting rest, mindful of His promise of eternal life to those who give a cup of cold water in His Name.

DEAF MUTES

SOME children are born without the organs of speech and hearing. Although they will never be other Ciceros, or able to "hear" a symphony by Beethoven, much can be done by careful training to alleviate their lot. The case of Miss Helen Keller is often cited in this connection. Born a deaf-mute, she soon became blind, but the training given her by a skilled and loving teacher enabled her to enter college, and to complete the course with success.

There are parallels in the spiritual order, but here only the Divine Physician can lift the burden. When He lays His hands upon the spiritual deaf-mute, He does not effect a mere improvement, but a complete cure. The story told in the Gospel for the eleventh Sunday after Pentecost can be taken as a type of the help He is anxious to bring to all who are deaf to His words, and who do not confess His Divinity. "Immediately his ears were opened," writes St. Mark, "and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spoke right."

To some extent, all of us suffer from some degree of spiritual deafness and dumbness, but often we do not realize our infirmity. One way of finding a cure is to seek Him in a spiritual retreat. There we can kneel before Him, as the deaf mute of the Gospel, and hear His words, "Be thou opened." Perhaps some of us have dear ones who are spiritually afflicted, whose ears are closed, and whose tongues are bound. For them we can pray, but we must pray persistently and with confidence. Some day when they least expect Him, the Master will come to them, and in His mercy heal them of their infirmity.

CHRONICLE

TEN UNIONS SUSPENDED. Hopes for a peaceable settlement of difficulties within the American Federation of Labor died on August 5. The Executive Council on that date suspended ten affiliated unions with more than 1,000,000 members. The suspension becomes effective on September 5 unless the ten unions withdraw in the meantime from the Committee for Industrial Organization which was held to be an attempt to set up a rival labor movement. Temporary suspension would carry with it exclusion from the next convention of the A. F. of L., and possibly a revocation of charters. The action of the Council was delayed but not stayed by a last-minute appeal of David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union and a member of the Council. He urged postponement for a few days, assuring the council that the situation could be saved under a compromise plan that he presented. John L. Lewis, chairman of the C. I. O., characterized the action as "an act of incredible and crass stupidity." He declared that the committee would not disband and that the decision would have no effect on its organizing activities.

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POLITICAL POTPOURRI. Senator William H. Dietrich, of Illinois, assured Democratic National Chairman James A. Farley that factional strife among the Democrats of that State was at an end. He promised President Roosevelt a safe plurality there. Irving M. Ives, Speaker of the New York State Assembly, stated that there had been a pronounced trend toward Governor Landon in that State since his acceptance speech. He predicted that the Republican candidate would carry every upstate county. Fifty Texas Democrats met at Dallas and initiated a movement to encourage a protest vote for Governor Landon in the November election. The President summoned all Democratic party leaders to Hyde Park on August 3 to confer and make plans for the coming campaign. The People's Party, Right-wing Socialists who were ejected two months ago from the Socialist party, voted to affiliate with the American Labor party, New York branch of the Non-Partisan League for the re-election of President Roosevelt and Governor Lehman. It was stated in well-informed Vatican circles that, despite contrary rumors, as far as the Holy See was concerned there would be no interruption of the political activities of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin.

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WITH THE PRESIDENT. On July 31, as the first President of the United States to pay an official visit to Canada, President Roosevelt speaking at Quebec held up the long and friendly intercourse between the two countries as an example of the

"good neighbor" policy he has sought to extend throughout the Western hemisphere. His visit was regarded as a distinct strengthening of the ties that already bind Great Britain, Canada and the United States. Later in the week he rebuked those who charged that his proposed trip into the Western drought sections was a political tour.

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SPAIN AND EUROPE. Interest in Spain's war shifted to the international aspect as fears grew that other nations might be involved. Basis of the fears was the alleged help given to either side by various countries. Italian planes, said to have been part of a squadron bound to the aid of the Insurgents, were forced down in French Morocco and their pilots detained. While French Socialists were crossing the border to join their Spanish allies, Premier Blum of France found it necessary to issue a formal denial of the rumors that France was sending planes and arms to the aid of the Government. A German battleship, steaming slowly to and fro across the harbor of Ceuta effectively prevented a bombardment of that port by Government ships. British warships were being concentrated at Gibraltar. In this situation made dangerous by opposing sympathies and mutual distrust, France called on the nations to proclaim a policy of neutrality, specifically, to forbid sale of arms to either side. England expressed willingness but voiced doubts about the sale of automobiles and planes for "non-military purposes." Italy and Germany demanded that Russia, too, must be included in the neutrality pact, and asked if money and propaganda should not be understood as included in the ban. France threatened to authorize exportation of arms to the Government forces if other nations refused to cooperate in a neutrality agreement. No nation seemed willing to place much confidence in the pledged word of another.

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STALEMATE IN THE WAR. Meanwhile opposing forces in the civil war seemed to have reached an impasse. The daily heralded drive on Madrid failed to materialize as Insurgent forces turned their attentions without noticeable success to attacks on San Sebastian, Irun, and Bilbao, and a consolidation of their position in the North. Only minor encounters with uncertain outcome took place, and the position of the combatants remained unchanged in northern and southern Spain. Spanish ambassadors not in sympathy with the policies of the Madrid Government resigned from posts in Rome, Budapest, Berlin, Paraguay, Chile. Latest to resign was Felix de Iturriaga, Spanish consul in New York. Reports of the burning of churches, private homes and convents, and killing of priests and nuns grew

in number and reliability. Red Cross figures placed the total war casualties up to August 5 at 35,000 dead and three times that number wounded.

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MOSCOW PLEDGES AID TO SPAIN. At an immense gathering in Moscow of Soviet trade-union delegations, 100,000 participants declared their solidarity with the Spanish Leftists and pledged material aid in the shape of a nation-wide money-raising campaign on the initiative of the Central Council of Trades Unions. Each worker would be expected to contribute one-half of one per cent of a month's wages, which would total up to more than 200,000,000 rubles. The Soviet Government scrupulously avoided any sign of identification with the demonstration and pledge, although its full approval was obviously necessary. Owing to drastic Soviet monetary regulations, it would furthermore be impossible to send a penny of the money collected to Spain without explicit Governmental sanctions. The Soviet action was widely commented upon in other European countries, and turned suspicions as to Moscow's active support of the Spanish Left into conviction. A decree of August 2 substantially reduced meat quota requirements from the collective farms to the Government agencies. Foreign observers interpreted this as an indication of shortage of fodder for the cattle, due to recent droughts.

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MARTIAL LAW IN GREECE. Martial law was proclaimed by the Greek Government on August 4, and the Chamber dissolved, in the face of a call for a twenty-four-hour general strike by the Greek Labor Federation. The strike was in protest against a recent Government bill instituting compulsory arbitration of labor disputes and forbidding strikes. Economic unrest had been growing in Greece for several months. General John Metaxas, Premier, announced the following day that his Government had found it necessary to adopt exceptional measures in order to combat "a Communist plot tending to cause serious trouble in Athens and other cities." Governmental circles insisted that the Premier's action was entirely non-partisan and was not intended to establish a dictatorship.

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ANTI-NAZI PETITION FOR LEAGUE. A petition to bring the German oppression of Jews and non-Aryans formally before the League of Nations as an "issue of international concern" was made public in Geneva and Paris on August 3. The petition was sponsored by various organizations representing many religious affiliations and nationalities, including the American Jewish Committee, the American Christian Committee on Refugees from Germany, B'nai B'rith, and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

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HITLER DEIFIED. The tendency toward deification of Adolf Hitler was assailed by ten prominent members of the opposition group in the German Evangelical Church, in a memorial sent directly to

Hitler himself. "We must make known to the Fuehrer and Chancellor our uneasiness over the fact that he is often revered in a form that is due to God alone," they declared. The memorial charges Hitler with the intention of driving Christianity from Germany. It exposes the Nazi concentration camps, the widespread espionage system, the secret police; it indicts the Nazi doctrine of "blood, race and soil," the paganizing of the school, the persecution of Jews and Christians. The Evangelical leaders requested Hitler to allow them to pursue their way "under the sign of the Cross."

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HITLER DENIES FAITH. Chancellor Hitler declared: "I am neither Catholic nor Protestant. I am German." The Most Rev. Michael Rackl, Bishop of Eichstaett, Bavaria, said in a recent sermon: "Although the freedom of the Church has been guaranteed under the Concordat with the Holy See, you know that such freedom no longer exists." He intimated that the Hitler régime was bent on destroying the Catholic Church in Germany. A reliable source reported that the Nazi Government was seriously considering a law to abolish parochial and all religious schools. A former Vincentian Sister who had resigned from her congregation joined a Nazi "Brown Sisterhood," and became involved in a scandal. The Nazi press reported her trial as though she were still a Sister, and made no mention of her membership in the Nazi group.

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OLYMPICS OPENED. Amid scenes of dazzling splendor, Chancellor Hitler opened in Berlin the eleventh Olympiad of the modern era. Dr. Theodor Lewald, speaking to the assembled athletes, declared Greece had been founded 4,000 years ago by Nordic immigrants. Chancellor Hitler later publicly snubbed American Negro athletes. Use of discounted marks and barter deals were forbidden in German-American trade. Temporary suspension of trade was expected to result from the decree, followed by negotiations for a new agreement.

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RIGHT AND LEFT IN SOUTH AMERICA. President Rafael Franco of Paraguay decreed the country a totalitarian state. The Government continued its appropriation of land for settlement by the peasants. Leftists in Chile expressed alarm at proposed expenditures for armament. The pro-Government press defended it in view of the arming of neighboring countries. Pedro Albizu Campos and seven other Puerto Rico Nationalists were convicted of conspiring to overthrow the Government of the United States. The Cuban Senate approved a bill granting amnesty to persons accused of or serving sentences for political offenses. Terrorists and former officials of the Machado régime were excluded from the amnesty. The proposed strike of Ecuadoran merchants protesting the Government's exchange-control bill had to be abandoned when the authorities announced that the right to strike was recognized only for labor.

CORRESPONDENCE

PEPPING PRESS

EDITOR: The communication, *Confusion*, in June 27 issue of AMERICA, seems to raise a question of practical importance to the proper and effective presentation of the Catholic cause via the Catholic press. Catholic interests are now given publicity through the medium of hundreds of local and diocesan organs. Many of these are well-edited and popular. Some are dry and uninteresting in format and style. If all these publications were to be placed side by side on a large blackboard, the point the writer is trying to bring out would be clear. So wide a diversity of size, style, and treatment would make it at once evident that the power to voice, in a national way, the great cause of the Church would appear to be lacking. Compare such a display, for example, with the national chain of Hearst papers with its countrywide syndication of features and propaganda.

Here is a constructive effort worthy of the best practical minds in Catholic journalism in America. If all Catholic newspapers could be made uniform in size, style and treatment, with space for local news, then the Catholic body would have an instrument of power and effectiveness which would command the respect and attention of all. Such a national Catholic organ, published weekly throughout America, under the direct supervision of the Bishops is surely worth consideration. May not this subject be discussed in AMERICA by some practical Catholic journalists who feel the present partial ineffectiveness of Catholic journalism.

Brookline, Mass.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

MAN-MADE MUDDLE

EDITOR: In this humble person's opinion the approach of the clergy to the economic question is questionable. The effort is not spent in the right place nor in the right direction. The effort to offset Communism should be spent where the converts to Communism are made. In plain words, by direct contact with the working people. In my own parish, the priests have never shown a great desire to understand the wage worker or become acquainted with him or his problems. In my thirteen years residence in a parish I have not heard the labor Encyclicals mentioned over three times. The book-rack carries no matter on these subjects, and in years past, when it did, no reference was made to it, and no effort expended to interest parishioners.

I am attempting at present to interest some lay people in the economic teachings of the Church but due to complete ignorance am received with a huge degree of suspicion.

Your best answer to Communism is to teach the Catholic working person what the Church says of

economics. Give them the machinery to defend themselves on the job, and to answer the agitator.

My most cherished hope is to see the Catholic lay people united in concerted action behind the teachings of the Church, both spiritually and economically, and to see some interest in the proletariat shown by the priests.

In closing I can give you my personal feeling in a very few words: "Bewildered and somewhat disgusted."

U. S. A.

H. M. R.

ART FULL

EDITOR: Congratulations on the new art column. The need of such a column in one of the Catholic publications has been apparent for years. There is a liberal education for any man in the regular reading of AMERICA, *Thought*, *Commonweal*, *Catholic World* and a few other Catholic publications. His only weak spot, heretofore, would have been in the fine arts.

For more than twenty years I have been finding profit and pleasure in regularly touring the Chicago Art Institute. I have been aware all those years of the little value placed on such museums by many writers but I have stamped on my brain, from repeated examination of great paintings, a great number of pictures I would not part with for anything. With these pictures as standards I can recognize a good painting as easily as I could tell a great poem when I read it. But whereas I can give a fairly good account of myself in explaining why the poem excess, I can not do so well with the paintings.

Now I don't expect H. L. Binsse to do the impossible, but I shall be much surprised if at the end of several years he has not dispelled much of the ignorance of art amongst those of us who depend almost entirely upon Catholic papers for our instruction.

La Grange, Ill.

C. V. HIGGINS.

INDULGENCES

EDITOR: So much is being written these days, in your pages and elsewhere, about the great advantages of having and using missals and breviaries that I think it a little surprising that no good word seems to be said for the *Raccolta*.

The person who goes to Mass with a missal and uses a breviary will find his soul craving a certain amount of prayer of the private and individual sort. And for him the usual form of prayer-book is rather unsatisfactory. Yet the needs such volumes fill are all provided for in the *Raccolta*. Besides which he will find in that volume what could be quite fittingly called the Church's official book of non-liturgical prayer, great variety of contents and

unparalleled opportunities of gaining Indulgences.

The *Raccolta* is a collection of prayers to which the Church has attached an Indulgence. Therefore its orthodoxy is certain and its use very profitable.

Pontiac, Mich.

JULIUS HERMAN FRASCH

BEHAVING BILLS

EDITOR: Why is it that the fundamentally simple idea of money should lead to such great confusion? Is it not a fact, an historical and demonstrable one, that where money has been grounded upon an honest and universally accepted metallic base, that nation and people have suffered the least from periodic social upheavals and violent change? The whole idea back of money is that in the money itself the holder or owner has a commodity which possesses intrinsic value at least equal to its monetary value. That was the idea back of the United States' monetary system up until the present Administration took over the management of national affairs.

Michoacán, Mexico.

ROYAL P. JARVIS

FAREWELL TO TOO

EDITOR: Returning from early Mass with the current issue of *AMERICA* tucked unsuspectingly under my arm, I was turning over in my mind the sermon in which our pastor had warned of leakage from the Church and had excited us to stronger Catholic Action within the Church itself. Walking home, I considered the idea of writing an open letter to one of our Catholic editors—*AMERICA*, perhaps,—a letter aimed at shattering the complacency of that great majority of Church members known as the "born Catholics."

With the suddenness of disaster my eyes lighted on the cover page of *AMERICA* bearing the strange title: *Those Terrible Catholic Converts*. I opened the magazine and experienced the first shock in my nine months as a Catholic. My world had been Wordsworthian daisyfields of light and joy. And I had come into those green and verdant fields from out the barren pastures of pantheism, convinced increasingly that I, and perhaps I alone, drank to the full of this beauty. For how could anyone really know, who had not been lost—and found?

I had never deemed it strange that almost invariably it was one of us "Late-comers" who wielded the gavel; but just as invariably one of the "Old Guard" who filled the job of treasurer. But here comes one to take away the ribband from my cap. It is, then, conceivably possible that all my outpourings of word and pen have been listened to and accepted somewhat in the manner of a sympathetic group that hears the eager convalescent speak of operations?

My ribband wilts. There is a dawning conviction that I may at some not-too-distant date pluck it out with my own hands, and henceforth go forward hidden and unseen among the ranks of the majority. For this Mary E. McLaughlin and her K. K. K. have rudely shaken my little world. No longer can I speak glowingly of first Confessions; for from this

day I know that while I may yet conclude a lecture with the remark that "... yes, Chesterton was a convert. . . ." I know also that only in the deep protection of my own thoughts will I be able to conclude with that triumphant "too."

Kansas City, Mo.

INEZ C. MACDONALD

GOLD MAIDS

EDITOR: *Those Terrible Converts* doesn't bother this one—except for one word. I wish Mary McLaughlin had not written about conversions made "with the help of an intelligent maid." If only she had said a saintly maid, or a holy maid, or even a good cook! But the emphasis on the intelligence seems rather silly. She could have left that to the Thomas Manns, couldn't she, or the "great converts"? The maids who pray us in deserve a different word—a brighter, lovelier word.

Northampton, Mass.

T. S. P.

RED BLUFFS

EDITOR: The Moscow strategy consists of playing a doublehanded game. It realizes that slogans such as *Fight against War and Fascism*, are powerful influences. The Red prays in his heart for war within or among capitalistic nations, but not with Red Russia. Fascism is the deadly enemy of Communism; therefore, it must be blackened, slandered, fought fiercely and publicized as a medieval horror. Why is Italian Fascism not disassociated from German Nazism, but instead made to appear one and the same thing? It seems that anything anti-Communist is glibly branded as Fascist.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MONTE ARNONE.

NO FELIX

EDITOR: I confess to St. Thomas, the blessed Duns Scotus, the ever-blessed St. Albert the Great, the beloved Abelard and to you, Brother Leo, that over a period of time I did jigsaw puzzles, but in plain truth never fabricated an artificial difficulty. The difficulty, I knew, had been fabricated for me and at one time had been a complete and somewhat beautiful whole, although I never could bring myself to cry out, even in my energy of reconstruction and in the joy of it: *O felix culpa*. The original, I knew, looked like a painting; my reconstruction of it looked, I always thought, like a mosaic. Now the question is not whether one likes paintings better than mosaics; the question is whether a reconstructed thing can look very much like the original. Really the point I wish to make is that there was joy in the rebuilding of what had been destroyed.

I believe with you, Brother, that education should not be concerned with "the surmounting of an artificially fabricated difficulty, the establishment of order in a deliberately created chaos," but don't you think that quite independently of educators, original sin deliberately created chaos? I do. The jigsaw, it seems to me, was just this and the reconstructing mentality was "the mind which was in Christ Jesus."

New York.

CHARLES J. GALLAGHER, S.J.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

COUSIN WILLIE TURNS UP AGAIN

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

RECENTLY a letter was placed on my desk bearing curious foreign stamps and an almost undecipherable post-mark. A close scrutiny indicated that the letter came from South Africa. Very good! But whom do I happen to know in South Africa? Maybe it was some missionary asking me to send him old copies of the new AMERICA to solace him in the hot nights among the mosquitoes.

As I started to cut open the envelope I had a shiver of apprehension. Was it from...? Oh certainly not from him! He doesn't know my address. I am sure he has forgotten me. He is very old. He has a bad memory. It is not unlikely that he is dead... I was thinking with some trepidation that the letter might be one from a dear old English gentleman whom I met in Lourdes some years ago, who *does* live in South Africa, and whose qualities had so attracted me that I undertook some time after our parting to put him in a story called *Cousin Willie*: a story which many people have liked, but which I knew surely would never fall into the hands of him about whom it was written, away off in the wastes of South Africa. And even if it did, he would never recognize the portrait of himself, so nicely had I concealed all the persons in it with pseudonyms, and so much had I mixed fact with fancy.

All very well. But see what happened when I opened the letter! First I found a small slip of blue paper with the following notice written on it: "I put *my* address back in my own pocket, and he put *his* address back in his, thus making us unattainable to each other for the rest of this earthly pilgrimage." (*Fish on Friday*, page 214).

But "I shot an arrow into the air; It fell to earth I know not where..."—and what was the sequel?

Then followed this charming letter:

W....F....B....
T....N....S....P....
Natal, South Africa,
June 8, 1936.

Dear Father Feeney:

If an irresistible inference that startled me a few days ago is right, you won't blame me for writing to you as one for whom you have retained a certain kindly memory, and as being that crab-tree

stump which your imagination has clothed and wrought into a delightfully human form and has surrounded with romantic fancies. What suggested to you the choice of such material, and how you made it carry such a superstructure, I do not know: it was just so that Will Shakespeare wove the dull stuff of the old chroniclers into forms of beauty.

The attached extract and address will already have told you my tale. After nearly six years the random arrow you shot has been found sticking in the tree stump, and your gentle note of regret—"unattainable for the rest of this earthly pilgrimage"—has, I trust, turned to a pleasant surprise. And my letter, however tedious, should not prove boring if the creator of *Cousin Willie* still feels an interest in the provenance of his work.

A nephew lent me your little book, which he had found charmingly intriguing. So did I indeed, but I was utterly unprepared, as doubtless you yourself were, for the startling thing that came up at the very end. The early pages of the last tale naturally made me wonder if you had been in Lourdes about the same time as myself—24th to 28th Sept., 1930,—though, with my wholly perished memory, the author's name recalled nothing to me.

Then there came a lot of curious little bits. I am no retired major, and Rhodesia did not at first suggest itself to me as a mere bit of free play for Natal, also in South Africa. But I've always been known as Willie—cousin or uncle as the case may be: I was eight years at Downside, am a bachelor, was returning soon "from a farewell holiday with old friends in England," wear loose shoes for aching feet (over-walking myself was my oldest hobby); Zululand is in Natal, and I admire the manly, light-hearted, loyal (the English don't deserve it from them) Zulu race—of which the Matebele in Rhodesia are a branch, having fought their way there about a hundred years ago, and I may have talked about these things, probably did. All these things showed nothing—nothing *until* I came to page 195, with the suggestion of a run out to Bagnères-de-Bigorre. That hit me hard, and I looked up my rough diary of the trip to England, and there I read, under date Wednesday, Sept. 24: "Paris-

Lourdes... American Jesuit priest joined at Dax, Fr. Feeney." And on Saturday 27th: "With Fr. Feeney to the X....'s, Bagnères-de-Bigorre." My eyes burned hot, and immediately afterward (page 196) came all about the friends "stopping there for the summer... English people... distant relatives... four of them, four unmarried ladies...."

Obstrepui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit. An unsought hammer had broken all doubts to dust. I was not dreaming, there it was before me.

The rest is immaterial to the main purpose. Yet have patience and I'll come to a most marvellous touch (soon), and there are two or three minor ones. With the license due to an author, you've made the dear ladies some ten or twelve years older, on the average, than bare truth required, and their ultra old-maidish talk and ways would seem hard on them should they themselves happen to read your book! These cousins, the X... family, are daughters of the late Colonel X... (if I remember right), in the French army, but I fancy they grew up in England and regarded themselves as English rather than French: their brother V.... was colonel in an English regiment (I met him here in the Boer War about 1901) and was killed "somewhere in France" in 1917—loved and respected by the regiment, a rather reserved man with stern ideas of duty, and a staunch Catholic, as they all were, and as was their grandmother, my oldest aunt, widow of Major-General Y.... Don't think I'm complaining or for a moment supposing that you were, in a fanciful tale, meaning any injustice to real live persons, any more than I could claim the personality of the retired major, Cousin Willie. (page 205). It was Col. V.... (the brother) who was "practically engaged" to a niece of mine: he would not formally propose because of the risks of the war—sadly realized.

Now, I think I'll spare you any further recital except the last, which was a delightful little touch in itself, and "fetched" me *holus bolus*. Having myself a good head of silvery hair (page 206), a lady here once said to me that it was so lovely she almost kissed it, I have for years kept it going strong by using Pinaud's Eau de Quinine, which in Natal—or Rhodesia—is "as hard as the devil to buy because the duty's so high" (page 212). And the passage recalled to me that at some country place, probably Lourdes, I did buy a bottle for that reason, and it's likely enough that in silly talk I mentioned it. And here it is against me, for all the world to hear about. Well, well, who but you would have told this in such fashion? But I wholly repudiate the dreadful, if picturesque, suggestion of putting Lourdes water into it. Here Cousin Willie of the book and I of real life part company. We left for Paris on Monday 29th, who was the genial old priest in our compartment? and you left us at the Paris station.

Now have I rightly diagnosed the evolution of Cousin Willie, and was I right in thinking my letter might make up a bit of pleasure in your *praecordia*? If so, do me the great kindness to write, and tell me something of yourself too. And don't wait too long: though wonderfully well in many ways, the dawn of A.D. 80 is coming close to the

horizon, but many signs make it doubtful if I shall see its rise, even if the frosts of this winter don't succeed in downing me; (no frosts in Rhodesia, 1000 miles further up the coast.) And let Cousin Willie come in now and then in your prayers.

Yours respectfully,

W....F....B.... (? C. W.)

In my story, maybe I did surround Cousin Willie with a great deal of fancy. Maybe I did raise his rank in the army by calling him a "major." Maybe I did make the dear ladies of our meeting a little bit too old-maidish. Maybe he didn't put any Lourdes water in the bottle of Eau de Quinine which he bought for his silvery hair. (Maybe I put it in myself when he wasn't looking.) But, will anyone say I uttered an exaggeration when I called him in *Fish on Friday* "an old gentleman of beautiful culture and exquisite sensibilities; wise, witty, spiritual, perilously near to being holy; simple in his prayers, soldierly in his Faith, boisterous in his courage, and gentle in his thoughts toward God and man"?

WE will be a long time getting over Chesterton. I wonder if the world will really ever get over him. So gigantic was the man, so many-sided in his mental interests, that it is almost impossible to pay him a memorial tribute in any one form that will be adequate. I was told, for instance, by a publisher not long ago, that, though Chesterton has never written expressly a treatise on poetry, it is possible to go through his books and gather from here and there in the most unexpected quarters enough material for one of the finest books on esthetics ever written.

Strangely enough the best epitaph of Chesterton which I have seen was written before his death. I doubt if many of the post-mortems on G. K. C. will come up to this, written by Kensal Green (Cecil Palmer) in a collection of *Premature Epitaphs*.

G. K. CHESTERTON

Place on his head the jewel, on his brow the diadem,
Who in an age of miracles, dared to believe in them.

Chesterton companion

His companions mourn.

Chesterton crusader

Leaves a cause forlorn.

Chesterton the critic

Pays no further heed.

Chesterton the poet

Lives while men shall read.

Chesterton the dreamer

Is by sleep beguiled;

And there enters Heaven

Chesterton, the child.

Many of Chesterton's contemporaries would resent being called "a child." I think George Bernard Shaw would. I *know* H. G. Wells would. Not, however, Chesterton. For among many things which a child is not, it is never "a snob." In that touching eulogy he wrote for his brother, Cecil, when the latter died some years ago, the younger Chesterton said: "He was literally the only man I ever knew who was not only never a snob, but apparently never attempted to be a snob." Nor were ever you, G. K. C. And that's that.

BOOKS

ENGLAND AND THE FAITH

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND. By David Mathew. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50

THE story of the Catholic Church in England has peculiarities all its own. Catholicism is native to that land—as native as its weather. Yet even many well-instructed people have a vague notion at the back of their minds that England and Catholicism have some sort of relationship that goes back no farther than the unedifying reign of Elizabeth. This is very much distant from the truth, but as far as the purpose of Dr. Mathew's book goes it makes a very good delimitation, since his object is to treat of four hundred years of Catholicism in England (not Great Britain) from 1535 to 1935, from the religious caprices and schism of Henry VIII to the death of Cardinal Bourne.

There is a great deal to be crowded into these four hundred years—almost a half millennium of repression of God's Church that flatly failed. There is first of all the repudiation of the Papal jurisdiction, which was soon followed by the sack of the monasteries and religious houses. Then came the advent of Protestantism and the setting up of the Church of England by Acts of Parliament under Elizabeth, the penalizing of the Catholics and their spoliation and their martyrdoms and their practical outlawry from every sphere of the civic and intellectual life of their own nation, the diabolical cruelties practised on them on account of the so-called Popish Plot, down to the gradual dawning of religious freedom until there came Catholic Emancipation and the restoration of the ecclesiastical Hierarchy.

It is one of the most wonderful stories of an attempted utter destruction followed by a miraculous recovery that has ever been written. As a secondary title Dr. Mathew has called his book *Portrait of a Minority: Its Culture and Tradition*. And it is as a cultural tradition existing secretly beneath overwhelmingly crushing forces which makes every chapter in its sequential order something which we dare not miss. If the Church be only constitutionally existent where it has its Bishops, if *ubi episcopus ibi ecclesia* be a standard norm, then there was a time (a short time happily) when the Catholic Church died out in England. But if Catholicism may consist in the faithful perseverance of the valiant few, then, as Dr. Mathew so clearly and so abundantly shows, the Faith never died out in England.

And it is in this gradual progress from one epoch to another, the continually varying phases through which the fortunes of the Catholic Church in England passed (even as the monarchy and the power of the State passed through changes), which give a special and sustained interest to each chapter of this book. Previous to the anti-Papal activities of Henry VIII, the history of Catholicism and the history of England were so inextricably combined that they may be thought of as one. But the four centuries envisaged in Dr. Mathew's book show how Catholicism more and more was forced into a separation from the general history of the country, of how beneath the Tudor absolute monarchy, the Stuart divine right of kings, the republican Commonwealth, and again the Restoration, the entrenchment of the illustrious house of Hanover and the Protestant Succession, the Catholic Church pursued its way through persecution and through every form of intimidation until in God's good time there dawned upon her the Second Spring. It is an encouraging book, for in few countries did the Church pass through such an agony as it passed through in England; and in few countries today has that same

Church emerged from the catacombs of obloquy and been exalted to such honor amongst a people who in the course of centuries and through an indefatigable propaganda became so fundamentally non-Catholic.

But the Catholic tradition and culture never died out in England, nor, for all that Whiggish historians may say to the contrary, did Catholicism degenerate into a religion peculiar to a handful of the most menial and most obscure classes. In the great houses of the nobility, amongst many of the country squires and gentry, in artistic and literary circles, there is seen a continuous culture which, though aloof by circumstances, carried on not only the Faith but that culture and breadth of outlook on life and mankind which is the peculiar possession of those who hold the Faith.

The tracing out of this spiritual tradition is the task to which Dr. Mathew has set his hand with signal success. It is a book that no student will wish to see absent from his shelves.

HENRY WATTS

RODRIGUEZ MODERNIZED

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ASCETICISM. By Johannes Lindworsky. London: H. W. Edwards. 5/

AT times we all desire simplification and integration of our religious or spiritual life. So many books are read and so much information acquired that we are liable to become befuddled in our planning for striving after perfection. Could not the whole thing be simplified, formulated, unified? Well, that is what this little book does, in addition to showing how far our ascetical life or striving after our own perfection and the doing of God's will are justified by the findings of psychology. It is a book that will be a delight to priests and Religious who happen to be psychologists, while novice masters and spiritual directors, in fact, all who are interested in the great task of self-improvement, will be benefited by it.

A few, not many, principles that we have learned in our early days (either from books of spirituality or the spiritual director) are rejected by the findings of psychology. It is pleasant, on the other hand, to find so much that one believes and that seems common sense justified psychologically. This latter consideration will give assurance to the director of souls in his instructions and guidance. The non-psychologist will be somewhat prejudiced at the beginning by the "shop technicalities." It would seem that a transference to ordinary parlance could be accomplished without too much difficulty. Also there is in the beginning none too smooth translation. If the reader perseveres he will be rewarded; both noticeably improve, and he will find in the latter part of the book many very valuable sidelights on asceticism for his own good and to help him in the direction of others.

The author is of international reputation as an experimental psychologist and has taught that subject for years at Prague University. His own peculiar theories (for him they have passed beyond theory) on habit formation, will-development factors, aim determination, and motivating values, find application in this study, which to be appreciated demands a study of the same author's *Training of the Will*. The argument of the book is a beautiful example of unification and integration; the vocation ideal is made the center of the study and allows the writer to make some useful and pertinent comments on the ascetical formation of religious and clerical aspirants. The Holy Father has written on this matter recently. Some of the deficiencies noted by the Pope are examined.

WILLIAM J. BENN, S.J.

BIOGRAPHY OF A SYSTEM

EDUCATION WITH A TRADITION. By M. O'Leary, Ph.D.,
M.A. University of London Press.

EDUCATIONAL systems, like individuals, have a personality and a character. The test of that character is its ability to remain true to itself in spite of struggle and changing times and a whirling world. Success in the struggle implies above all else rigidity and flexibility, a firm adherence to well-tryed principles and a broad-minded adaptability to the needs of time and place. If a system fails in this task, it may win a paragraph or two in some textbook of educational theories. If it succeeds, it will sooner or later merit a biographer.

Education With a Tradition is the biography, a well-earned, scholarly biography, of the educational system of the Society of the Sacred Heart. It was born in troubled times, when the Revolution had swept away the educational tradition of France. But that tradition could not be allowed to die. It was bound up with the whole fabric of religious, social, and political life. It had gathered to itself all that was best of European culture. To Saint Madeleine-Sophie Barat, founder of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and her early companions it was given to piece together the broken bits of this tradition and pass it on entire and adaptable to the years to come. These women were well fitted for their task. They stood at the crossroads of the old era and the new. They had been trained to an appreciation of the old, but they had learned in the suffering of the French Revolution the needs of the new. Their courage and broad-minded approach to reality conceived a teaching order of women which has grown until it now numbers 7,000 Religious transmitting their educational tradition to students in some 160 schools, universities, and training colleges in Europe, America, Africa, Asia, and Australia.

The old tradition is studied in the early pages of this book and the contributions made to that tradition by the secular colleges and universities, by the Society of Jesus, the Christian Brothers, the convent schools, Saint Cyr. The story of its disruption in the French Revolution is told. Its valiant rebirth came in a little school at Amiens, the first foundation of the Society of the Sacred Heart. Its growth and adaptability are traced in the modern schools of the order in England and the United States, in Peru, in France and Belgium and Germany, in Spain, Italy, and Japan. At first sight there may seem to be but little resemblance between these modern schools with their departments of science and social service and their preparation for academic degrees, and the little school at Amiens, where in addition to the traditional courses the aristocratic young ladies must "get an idea of laundry work, how to wash crêpe, tulle, and other material, how to use an iron, how to preserve fruit and vegetables for the winter." But the author shows that the spirit of the schools has always been one, that it has always been and still is an essentially humanistic tradition, closely in touch with the realities of life and giving to the mind a certain oneness, a background and outlook fostering judgment and taste.

Those who like their scholarship heavy and toneless may resent the enthusiasm and vividness of the author. But why must scholarship always wear the poker face, always speak in a monotone? Mother O'Leary does not let her enthusiasm color her judgment. She pleads no special cause. She merely tells the well-documented story of an educational system and allows the story to do its own evaluating, to draw its own comparisons and its own lessons. And if part of her story is the spiritual element, the sincere dedication of holy women to a noble cause, that element is as truly a factor in the success of the system as the ability of the teachers, as the rigidity and flexibility of the tradition. Mother O'Leary has not only been faithful to the spirit of scholarly research, laboriously seeking truth in its sources; she has achieved the task of presenting it interestingly.

JOHN DELANEY, S.J.

LIFE OF SAINT ISAAC

THE SAINT OF THE WILDERNESS. By John J. Birch,
Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.

CHARITY and kindness to a sincere man must not be permitted to dictate one's words when honesty and justice require that the truth be told about a misguided author. Mr. Birch, a non-Catholic, yields to no Catholic in his admiration for and devotion to Saint Isaac Jogues. But that love for the Saint is the only redeeming feature of his biography. Having written a life of Saint Isaac, three times as lengthy as the present volume and with references attached to each paragraph, I was prepared to be tolerant and indulgent. I am in favor of the publication of smaller and more popular lives of the great American Saint, so that his fame may be ever increased. But alas! Of all the books that have been written about Saint Isaac, Mr. Birch's book is quite the worst. It includes most of the errors of former small biographies and adds many un-understandable new errors. I have marked it carefully page by page, and scarcely a page but has error in fact or error in inference, inaccuracies, muddled chronology, startling omissions and added trifles of nonsense. While the biography may possibly increase devotion to Saint Isaac, it will distribute much ignorance about Isaac Jogues. The saddest feature of the publication is that a Catholic publisher should be so ill-directed as to sponsor the book.

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE MEANING OF THE MASS. By John Kearney, C.S.Sp.
Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd. 5/

PRIESTS in the confessional are often surprised and saddened by the number of penitents who accuse themselves of having missed Mass. The basic difficulty with the majority of such persons seems to be the lack of a realization of the significance of the Holy Sacrifice rather than any want of good will. In the present book, Father Kearney has attempted to offer materials for meditation and thought which will remove this ignorance and to point out, in the words of Archbishop Leen, "how they can make their Mass to be the inspiration of their whole spiritual life."

The subject naturally divides itself into consideration of the Mass as a memorial of Calvary and a Sacrifice. Our Lord Himself commanded that it be done for a commemoration of Him. In the simple language that characterizes the whole book the author shows how the Mass is a memorial in which we contemplate the passion and death and above all the love of Our Saviour. In the second part he takes up the Mass as a real sacrifice in which we must all, priest and people, take an active part. After explaining the meaning of sacrifice and its nature and importance Father Kearney goes to show in the remainder of the book how perfectly the Mass fulfills all that the word implies. A careful reading of this little book accompanied by prayerful meditation should enable both those who celebrate Mass and those who attend it to make it, as St. Francis de Sales says, "the sun of spiritual exercises, the heart of devotion."

THE BREVIARY AND THE LAITY. By Rodolphe Hoornaert.
Collegeville, Minn.: The Liturgical Press. 35c

WHEN you recite the Breviary every day you unite yourself with the whole Church in her prayer. When you use the Breviary in preference to books of private devotion, you establish a bond of union with Christ the High Priest. The Breviary includes morning and evening prayers, acts of thanksgiving, contrition, prayers of petition for all one's needs. Whatever your particular

intentions may be, your use of the Breviary will prove more efficacious prayer, since it rises up as part of the great choral prayer of the Mystical Body.

These are some of the reasons why laymen should take up the practice of daily recitation of the Divine Office, says Abbé Hoornaert. And in a very effective way he disposes of all the objections to the proposal which even yet seems to startle Catholics. The Breviary, he demonstrates, offers a method of prayer capable of conducting the soul to the most exalted degrees of the contemplative state. This booklet, a translation from the French, ought to be put on the *must* list of every one interested in the Liturgy. One or two small phrases about the Spiritual Exercises will probably annoy Jesuits. But the booklet will give an enormous boost to the current movement for lay participation in the Office.

TO A CATHOLIC FROM A PROTESTANT. By Neason Jones. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1

SUBTITLED *In Defence of the Faith*, this brochure is an open letter addressed to Lord Howard of Penrith. It aims to examine and remove the implication that Protestants and Evangelicals are not followers of Christ allegedly contained in the former British Ambassador's *A Roman Courtship*, which appeared first as a magazine article and was later incorporated in his *Theatre of Life*. The tone throughout is consistently dignified and sympathetic with only an occasional drop of mildly biting acid here and there. Despite his Bible readings the author's powers and knowledge do not equal his evident sincerity. For a lack of logic, deep and sound scholarship, a true conception of Catholic teaching, and consequential argumentation this book is hard to beat.

Mr. Jones is an Evangelical. He quotes many texts from the New Testament which seem to him to preclude the Catholic stand on such matters as purgatory, confession, papal infallibility, apostolic succession, and the Mass. Consultation of the Greek text and a knowledge of Hebrew and Aramaic would certainly not be amiss on his part. Strangely enough nowhere in the Scriptures can he find support of his fundamental position of private judgment or for the fact that the Bible is the sole font of God's revelation to men.

ASTRONOMY FOR THE LAYMAN. By Frank Reh. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$3

AN excellent introduction to astronomy which should appeal especially to those who enjoy having accurate facts embellished by literary allusions and illustrated with gleanings from the poets of ancient as well as modern times. The author, keeping in view the needs of the amateur astronomer, has successfully presented in an easily understandable way the results of research and observations that have marked the activities of the leading observatories, particularly in the United States. The illustrations are truly illustrative of the matter treated and the diagrams, all from the pen of the author, are a great help in the initial study of the constellations to which a major part of the work is devoted. An historical error has slipped into the text on page 18: Giordano Bruno was not burned at the stake for having imagined that the stars are not absolutely fixed in the heavens. A reference to his biography in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* or in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* would have forestalled the intrusion of this unintentional misrepresentation of the attitude of the Church toward scientists and the freedom of scientific investigation.

CATHOLIC ACTION HANDBOOK. By Joseph Will, S.J. and Killian J. Hennrich, O.M.Cap. Joseph Wagner. 50c

THIS short, timely manual, after defining Catholic Action from Papal pronouncements and documents, sets forth the many fundamental problems which that movement is meant to solve. Of particular interest is the section on the American problem. The authors buttress their thesis on the lay apostolate by succinctly examining the desires of the present Holy Father, the teachings of Scripture and the Church, and the actual life of Grace within the Church.

ARTS

THERE being very few interesting exhibitions at this season of the year, it seems well to consider something which is constantly on view for all of us, but which we only occasionally trouble to look at, or think about: modern American architecture. I, for one, think it has come to a rather sorry state.

There was a time, fifteen or twenty years ago, when it was fashionable to say that America led the world in this department of art, principally because of our extraordinary development of the skyscraper. These were the days after the completion of the Woolworth Building when every considerable American city felt it necessary to grow upwards, regardless of necessity.

The whole thing culminated in the insane race between the Empire State and the Chrysler buildings in New York, with all the precautions of two very cautious war departments surrounding the final height of each. All that already seems slightly on the lunatic fringe, probably to no one more than Messrs. Raskob, Smith, DuPont, Chrysler *et al.* And with our change of attitude, all our greatness in architecture seems to be turning sour in our own mouths.

No one can ever deprive America of the honor of a very real intellectual leadership in this art. Richardson, Sullivan, Wright, especially the last two, however little they may have succeeded in their own country, have left their impress on all architectural thinking, irrevocably. But their ideas stimulated very little their American colleagues. American architecture, by and large, has been firmly, obstinately and ably eclectic. We have been copying the styles and achievements of others for nearly a hundred years until our attitude toward a building is summed up in: "What style is it?"

The conscious idea that one should *not* copy, that every building should have its own style, suited to its use, suited to its time and conditioned by the genius of its architect, was born in America, but flourished here not at all. It was in Europe that the idea had to develop until it had driven eclecticism to the wall.

And now our architects are recognizing a new thing, disparagingly called "modernism." Their reaction to it is typical. They do not at all catch its spirit, sense its profoundly American, even Yankee, origin. They treat it as another style in their bag of tricks, and copy it just as they copy Renaissance or Gothic or Egyptian design and detail. There are a few of the younger men who seem aware of all this and of its folly, but the academic bonds with which we fetter our beginning designers do not encourage any but the "stylifying" attitude.

The American approach to "modern" design has had two rather distressing effects which we may daily contemplate in what we see around us. One has been to plaster buildings which are honest in general design—which might be good in themselves—with ornament which is completely meaningless, distracting parallel lines, half circles of chromium, strips of copper, geometrical pattern gone mad.

The second unfortunate effect of our first attempts at the modern has been the disappearance of taste and honesty in our work. A capital instance would be afforded by a mental comparison of the old Waldorf-Astoria with the new. Similar specimens could easily be produced in almost any large American city. The older building had something to it. Its design was pure imitation but it had some dignity and everything in it looked solid and honest and well done. The new is stage scenery, very little sense of scale, ornament without even the excuse of precedent.

The only conclusion to be drawn is that the American architectural profession must do a little soul searching, or sink to a lower place in popular esteem.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

FILMS

TO MARY—WITH LOVE. Employing a background of passing events such as are ordinarily reserved for the newsreels, this portrayal of domestic strife covers the two bewildering periods of American life labeled post-war and depression. It is an appealing treatise on the trials of modern marriage and wags a sententious finger at money-grubbing husbands and dissipating wives. A young couple contract a marriage which has little more than an emotional basis and begin, very soon after the ceremony, to follow divergent paths, he to the stock market and she to the nearest house-party. A loyal friend effects a temporary reconciliation but, after the death of their child, the pair drift even more steadily toward the divorce courts. Their final reunion is due entirely to the good sense of their mutual friend and counselor. Interspersed with the action are good shots of such historic events as Lindbergh's triumphant return to New York, the Wall Street panic of 1929 and the Dempsey-Tunney championship bout. Although the film, in general, is a restatement of the obligations of matrimony and an indictment of divorce as an easy solution of all problems, it makes some tactical errors. It introduces, for one thing, Hollywood's favorite marital cliché when the graces of parenthood are invoked merely to save a tottering union. This attitude toward children as a purely emergency measure leaves a bad taste and some scenes verging on the clinical take the picture off the young people's list. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THE ROAD TO GLORY. The title of this film is ironical, of course. Audience sentiment has turned definitely away from the flag-waving and the trivialities of those war pictures which were made when people still thought another major conflict highly improbable. Now the demand is for wholesale debunking of war as a means of keeping the peace, for an exposé of the physical and moral ruin which inevitably follows it. This picture answers the call with a general indictment, strengthened by authentic battle scenes from the French War Office.

It is primarily the story of three men serving in a dangerous sector on the Western front. There is the brutalized captain of the company, the jaunty young lieutenant who holds on to his illusions as long as his job will let him, and the old soldier who harks back to the day when he carried a bugle in the old French wars. The power of the film lies in its realistic recreation of the daily lives of men under fire. It is very often a harrowing experience. The mistake has not been made, however, of turning the story into a pacifistic tract; the moral is not so supine; it simply reaffirms, in mordant fashion, the evil of war which we all recognize. In the three leading roles, Warner Baxter, Fredric March and Lionel Barrymore are brilliant. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

MY AMERICAN WIFE. In this case, it is Francis Lederer who confers a foreign title on an American heiress and thereby sets in motion a long series of complications. For the bride is the favorite granddaughter of a Western pioneer with a hearty dislike for anything and everything Continental. The Count sets out to win Grandpa's favor by becoming thoroughly Americanized—which seems, in the picture, to consist in patronizing beer parlors and breaking in mustangs. But the bride and her more progressive relatives have got hold of nobility and they want him to act the grand part instead of degenerating into mere American. A surprise ending prevents a serious rift between the lovers and the warring factions are set at peace. The picture is enlivened by Mr. Lederer's light comedy playing and by the less subtle but no less laughable characterization offered by the veteran Fred Stone. (*Paramount*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

NON-SPANKED offspring stirred a Pennsylvania town. Parents indignantly denounced a non-birching school teacher who threw the whole burden on the home. . . . Immigration barriers remained high. An undesirable alien goat was deported. . . . Experimentation continued. Four small boys experimenting around a manhole discovered sewer gas explodes when introduced to lighted newspapers. . . . Silk shirts are safer than bullet-proof vests, tests showed. Neither stops the bullet; the silk inside the shot person is more comfortable than the b.p. vest. . . . In an attempt to enhance lecture-tour interest, substitution of robots for the present crop of lecturers was advocated. A robot lectured in New York, provoked tumultuous applause. . . . Someone said if foreign lecturers were laid end on end—it would be a good thing. . . .

SOCIAL life ran along normally. . . . The summer average of axe murders was maintained. . . . Hammer killings crept out in front of blunt-instrument slayings. . . . Youth continued clamoring for unfettered self-expression. . . . Ax-boys and ax-girls were wielding axes. . . . Scrambled hormones, experts said, caused boys and girls to frolic thus in the new freedom. . . . A scrambled religionless educational system aided and abetted by scrambled eggsperts was the root cause, others declared. . . . A novel trend appeared. . . . The idea of keeping murderers in prison was suggested, appeared to be winning followers. . . . The tendency is a passing exotic fad, realists declared. . . . Newspapers were giving considerable space to the battles in Spain. . . . Almost as much as they were giving to the battle of a Los Angeles film actress. . . . While a great civil war threatened all Europe, a New York paper smeared over the entire top of its front page: "Mary Admits Kaufman Love"; across the bottom: "Ax-Girl, Hysterical, Sees Dad." . . . Headline students were asked how big a war it would take to push Mary and the ax-girl out of the front-page headlines. . . . They estimated a general European war might do it. . . . But they weren't sure. . . .

THE League of Nations, tired of trying to stop strife, turned its attention to milk and potatoes. . . . It recommended a diet; will not attempt to enforce it. . . . Unique viewpoints are always arresting. The following opinions are quoted from an English paper: "President Roosevelt's only serious challenger is Dr. Francis Ernest Townsend who has a large middle-class following principally for the reason that he balanced the budget in Kansas State. . . . Princeton University . . . is noted among other things for its football team. This team travels great distances and it is accompanied by tutors on the railway trains who give lectures en route from one town to another so that the footballers' studies should not suffer through their interest in football." . . .

A SPEECH You Will Never Hear: Communist standing on soap box in Union Square: "Comrades, I want to tell you about Father Baker, the great Catholic priest who just died in Buffalo. He was indeed the 'Priest of the Poor.' For the poor he built and operated an orphanage, an infants' home, protectorates for boys and girls, a home for working boys, a technical school, a 600-acre farm and a hospital. He provided a home and education for more than 25,000 homeless boys. He gave clothing to more than 500,000 needy persons; free medical attention to more than 250,000. He distributed literally millions of free meals."

WHAT YOU Will Hear: Communist newsboy in Union Square: "Here you are. Read all about Catholic priests milking the poor. Extra, extra!" THE PARADER